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## Cocktails Roostertales

Patricia L. Karwatowicz  
*College of DuPage*

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## COCKTAILS ROOSTERTALES

high pitched phony mixed chatter among the clatter of cocktail talk  
hunched forward leaning into words of little matter  
did you know and did I show you and you really must go  
oh this just a little thing I picked up do you like it no not much dough  
she of the tight black mini barely balanced on tall tiny heels  
while he seals deals only in his dead head  
clutching security from the amber brew cold sweating monogrammed tumbler  
jumbler jest no rest for the guest must perform in order to get re-invited  
can't be slighted little egos brave bravado have another top it off  
great party great place great food great service we scoff  
and scarf down another cardboard quiche from Sam's hot damn  
a flirt in a skirt eyes eyeing connecting in rendezvous on cue  
is that why we come to measure up and down the competition in town  
too skinny too fat dyed fluffed not prim not proper show stopper  
a looker a hooker a buffoon lady's man cheap creep no one's deep  
you look so thin says a whisky grin I think I know you from before  
what's the game and what's the score nice car what year glance in the mirror  
where do you live how much did you give what do you do and who did you sue  
unmanly lotion perfume in motion gliding locomotion sliding into my space  
it's time to case this joint to fly to vamoose no one here to choose  
great job great fun greatest ever come to my place next we'll have a ball  
I'll call can never throw one good as you bye bye kiss kiss hug the hug  
that's barely there do we care?

— *Patricia L. Karwatowicz*